



## The new treatment for tender skins

Many people with tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face with soap and water is bad for the complexion.

Dr. Pussey in his book on the care of the skin says, "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a poor substitute for a clean, clear skin and is a constant invitation to various disorders."

The following treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant.

### See what a difference it will make in your skin

Just before retiring dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's, and dip your cloth up and down in it till your cloth is "fuffy" with soft, suds. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are opened and thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clear, cool water and dry carefully. Use this treatment persistently for ten days and your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's brings to a tender, sensitive skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 10-E, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 10-E, Perth, Ontario.

## No "Made Up" Look

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## CARMEN

**Complexion Powder Doesn't Show Powder** Try it and see—Carmen will not rub off until you remove it, nor lose its delicate fragrance. Refined people use CARMEN exclusively—for it DOESN'T "SHOW POWDER."

Harmless and pure, CARMEN benefits the skin instead of injuring it—it's different from other powders. White, Pink, Flesh and Cream—your Druggist or Department Store—Toilet Box, 50 cents.

### Purse Size Box Given Away

—together with handsome, useful purse mirror—to every woman writing for it, enclosing 10c in stamps or silver to cover cost of postage and packing—containing sufficient Carmen Powder for two or three weeks—demonstrates conclusively that Carmen Powder is perfect.

Stafford-Miller Company, 527 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

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and made another confession. Robert chided her at first; but presently saw the logic of the situation, and could not but comfort her. After another warning the doctor slept the sleep of the untroubled; but Laura's eyes were wide. And she knew that Stevens, a mile away, was dreaming the selfsame dreams.

**EACH** evening for the next four days Stevens came to Dr. Barter's house. He could spare but an hour each time. Laura knew why; although Cecilia's name was never mentioned between them. That hour was sweet to Stevens, and baffling. They would sit on the porch, and Laura would plan for the beautiful days to come. He never asked for a solution of the mystery, leaving it all to her. His faith had suffered an acid test and had come out unscarred. There were some points of disagreement, but not many. Laura had often expressed a desire to visit California, and Stevens wanted to include it in their itinerary. But Laura had changed her mind. Stevens acquiesced, caring only that they should be happy.

On the fifth evening he was met by the doctor, who seemed highly excited. He didn't even think to put back his eyeglasses when they fell from his nose.

"Gus," he said, smiling gaily and taking the visitor's hand, "tonight is the night! Now, listen. We've been friends, close friends; although I've been here only a year. You know almost all about us; but you didn't know everything. For instance, you didn't know that the sister Laura spoke of so often in your presence, was— Oh, guess it, Man! Can't you guess why she always chuckled when you admired the big one on the wall? Follow me to glory, Man!"

Stevens followed him into the library, where his eyes first fell upon the picture and its living likeness. The woman was sitting near the picture. She was reading. She looked up upon their entrance.

"Augustus, Mr. Stevens, I am presenting you, soul and body, to Laura's twin. The picture is of her. Take 'em both."

The woman rose and extended her hand; but there was some hesitation in the act. She seemed to resent Robert's levity. But Robert was merciless.

"This is the lady of Bar Harbor, Gus.

## THE SCREEN

mad in the morning, jabbering nonsense, and she went on jabbering nonsense as long as she lived."

"What sort of nonsense? Has anyone ever told you what she said?"

"My grandfather told my father, who was a small lad at the time, that she raved about two flaming red eyes in a black hole."

"Gee! Sounds sort of exciting, doesn't it? I'd give something to know what sort of state Mr. Robert Cameron Troy will be in tomorrow morning!"

Conal was silent. He felt but a tepid interest in Troy, except in connection with George Conway; but he would have rejoiced if Conway, not Troy, had been the tenant of the Black Breton room.

"I'd like to have a look at that haunted chamber," went on the detective in a grimly humorous tone. "Can you sketch me a rough plan of the inside of the castle? I want most of all to know the way to Conway's quarters, and I might as well know where this Black Breton room is too."

**CONAL** drew from his pocket a foolscap envelop in which a poem had been returned to him from Glasgow, and, standing under a lamp that glung from a huge iron arm, began to make with pencil a rough plan of the interior of Dunelm Castle. At last he handed the paper to the detective.

Emmons silently studied the plan. "I see the Black Breton room, as you call it, is on the first floor of the castle. Is there a cellar underneath?"

Conal thought for an instant. "No, the only cellars I know of are under the kitchens. There's a dungeon beneath the banquet hall, and another, smaller, under the old guardroom. The big one used to be called the Whale's Belly, and the little one the Bottle, because it's got a narrow neck. An Earl of Gorme two hundred years ago tired of his Countess, who was a scold, and kept her in the Whale's Belly, with no food but salt beef, while he and his new wife feasted overhead in the banquet hall."

"A nice family it seems to have been!" chuckled the American detective.

Conal scowled at him. "No worse than any other that's helped to make Scottish history great."

"Oh, I don't want to say anything against

Sally, behold your rescuer! Gus, all their lives these two girls have had the same desires until one of them found that the thing belonged by right to the other,—same impulses, same emotions. Sally came so near to being in love with me that she kept me dangling around until Laura appeared upon the scene. Laura's done her part now. Is everything answered? Oh! Sally has just come from California. Bless you, my children! This is no place for a married man. See you later," Robert fled from the library.

**STEVENS** stood facing the girl in utter bewilderment. He couldn't think just how to begin. He was about to speak, when the girl, as though in sudden excess of emotion, threw her arms about him and kissed him. Then, with a rippling laugh, she too fled. Breathless he followed to the hall; but she was not there. He returned to the library, to find her entering from the drawing room.

"Please don't be confused," he said gently. "I know just why you did it—how you felt. It's all very wonderful, and it all goes to show that we were made for each other. Try—" He was getting very close to her, and she backed off in alarm.

"Confused? Wonderful? Made for each other? Why? Sir—who are you?"

Stevens smiled knowingly, and took her into his arms. He kissed her; but his kiss served only to half stifle a scream. The doctor came bounding down the stairs. Laura entered from the dining room.

"Robert, Laura, who is this person? He—he—"

Laura went up to her and took her in her arms. Stevens and the doctor, nonplussed, looked at each other. The doctor was wearing his glasses. Laura's bubbling laughter made them feel that everything was all right—somehow.

"I simply couldn't resist having a little fun for a climax," she exclaimed. "Our gowns are so nearly alike that I just took a chance. Robert, you stupid, you presented him to me! I fled in maidenly confusion, and sent Sally into the room for a book. Sally, this is the hero of Bar Harbor, of whom you've always—but tell him yourself. The courtship has been most interesting, and as your proxy I pronounce you fairly won. Come, Robert, we're *de trop*!"

Continued from page 12

any of 'em. No doubt they're all right, and up to date now," Emmons apologized, "even if they do put their company into haunted chambers where folks disappear or are found mad in the morning. What's under that Breton room, then, if there's no cellar? Nothin' but rock?"

"Nothing but rock," echoed Conal.

"What about caves? In one of the picture postcards I bought there was a photograph—taken at low tide, I guess—with the mouth of a cave showing. The title on the card was 'The Lost Piper's Doorway.' Do you know anything about it?"

"I know as much as anybody knows. That isn't much."

"Have you been in the cave?"

"Yes."

"A long way?"

"Thirty or forty yards."

"I suppose it must mount up; otherwise it would be filled, with water—when the tide's in."

"Yes, it mounts up."

"Must be kind of interesting."

"There isn't a great deal to see."

"No stairway cut in the rock, or anything like that?"

"Not that I've ever found or heard of; though I used to spend a lot of time in the caves when I was a lad. I used to think of verses to write in the caves. I could be quiet there."

"I should think you could! Why do you say 'caves'? Is there more than one?"

"There are several passages, leading nowhere in particular. At the end of one there's a chapel, with an altar hewn out of the rock. Nobody knows when it was made; but the story here is that the Lost Piper did it when he and his wife and child were living in the cave. I don't suppose the piper really made that altar. He couldn't have been there long enough. Besides, he was starving. A scientific sort of man came to visit Lord Gorme when I was a child, and in his opinion the altar is as old as the days of Saint Columba."

"That's all mighty interesting," remarked Emmons. "Now could you mark on this plan of yours about where, underneath the castle, is the opening to these cave passages?"

Conal again took the paper, and wrote "Lost Piper's Doorway" under and a little



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